Volume LXVI CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1910 Number 2

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

## GIFTS

*I thank Thee, God, for good and bad,*
*For all the tangled skein*
*Of blows that made my manhood glad,*
*And joys that were a pain!*

*Defeat I thank Thee for, and strife,*
*For all Thou didst deny,*
*Since he who lives the lightest life,*
*The darkest death must die.*

*And he who doth a star pursue*
*Both home and fire must leave,*
*As he who guards a life or two*
*A death or two must grieve.*

*And he who wins shall lose again,*
*And having lost, shall win,*
*Since they are strong who saw great pain,*
*And wise, who once knew sin!*

*—Arthur Stringer.*

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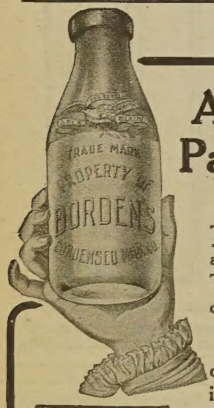


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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1910. NUMBER 2.

A Poet sang to a star,
Ay, sang out his soul—to die;
But can the crimson heart ..
Of the star beat in the sky.

The Poet sang to one star,
Ay, sang out his soul—alone;
But the star with the crimson heart
For a world of poets shone.

—*Ella Higginson.*

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One more study has been added to the Ruskin library, which is already extensive. "Ruskin and His Circle," by Ada Earland, will be welcomed by the many who already love the gentle lover of the beautiful and the pathetic champion of the unfortunate, and it is to be hoped that it will greatly increase the list, for Ruskin's influence is always benign as his message is still timely, and his teachings on social questions are of growing importance. The Ruskin reader turns instinctively to the chapter entitled "Married Life," the reading of which reawakens his sympathy for both husband and wife. The author, though promising to tell the story of Ruskin's married life, which, she says, "has been slurred over by his biographers," tells us nothing but what the Ruskin student already knew, but she tells all that one needs to know. His was a sensitive soul, socially awkward, suffering from too much mother, the victim of match-makers, a magnanimous man who suffered his humiliation and disappointment in silence, a man endowed with great capacity for love, who was compelled to lead a long, and, in the deeper places of the soul, a loveless life. This book tells the story of the luckless first love with the flippant Adele, and the pathetic last love with the austere Rose Latouche, who crucified both her own heart and his because "she would not yoke herself with an unbeliever." But disastrous as were the courtship experiences of John Ruskin, his was anything but a loveless life. This book introduces us to the remarkable circle of splendid souls, both men and women, who gave to him unstinted love, sympathy and loyalty. The list, beginning with Turner, includes Carlyle, Burne-Jones, William Morris, Miss Mitford, the Brownings, Dr. John Brown, Lady Trevellyn, Professor Ackland, Kate Greenaway, Miss Alexander, Susanna Beaver, and many more. This man, to whom were denied the consolations and higher inspirations of the home, has ministered immeasurably to the higher, better life of women and children. The much-quoted Ruskin still awaits the editor who will adequately arrange his teaching concerning womanhood and childhood and the industrial and educational problems connected with the same. Who will present in available shape what Ruskin has said about dress, laces, jewelry, fashion, which are still conventional tyrannies of would-be societies, still subjects for social discussion?

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UNITY has already expressed its distrust of the "Boy Scout Movement." A correspondent sends us press clippings setting forth further discussions of the subject, also certain quotations from a recent lecturer in Chicago, who said, "The city boys prefer to ride on a car to hiking across country, and would rather get along with an ice-cream cone than cook food on a camp fire." He also spoke of the small boys in a certain part of the city who "refused to play ball unless they were allowed to have a jack-pot," and of one crowd having made a jack-pot of forty-three dollars to make the game worth while." These neewspaper clippins allude to Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton's attempt to profit by the "gang spirit among boys," by organizing his "tribes of woodcraft Indians." There seems to be a movement afoot trying to unite Mr. Thompson-Seton's Indians with Baden-Powell's Scouts. UNITY based its distrust of the Scout Movement on its military tendency. Both "General" Powell of England and "General" Grant of America frankly avow their purpose to militarize the boys as much as possible. "Army discipline" is spoken of as something high and fine. Its advantages are obvious. Its successes are spectacular, but is there not in the dealing with boys and with men danger of being dazzled by the glamour of the military? Emerson said the best part of a boy's schooling was a room and fire by himself. The field of Mars has not proved to be especially fertile in the growing of scholars, orators, inventors, teachers, preachers or statesmen. Perhaps the "gang spirit" is already too much developed. It shows itself in a mad enthusiasm for "fraternities" on the college campus and the almost imbecile love of parade, millinery, grips, signs and "secrets" developed in the lodge room. One of the pledges quoted from the Scouts' Hand Book is, "A Scout is a friend to all scouts and a brother to every other scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs." That sounds good, but the word "Scout" in this connection suggests a dangerous limitation. What about the boy who is

not a "Scout," who does not know the grips, who does not wear khaki, who has not won a "promotion," and carries no "medal"? Does he not need a friend, and is he not a brother? We realize the complexity of the question. We are ready to be persuaded. Meanwhile, it is well to remember that boys, no more than men, can be saved in job lots, and that often-times a poor kind of man proves to be an efficient drill master, while the higher influences and the truer leaderships are matters of contagion, of silent influences and individual confidence. It is good to introduce a boy to another boy, but oftentimes it is more important to introduce a boy to himself, to give him the companionship of a good book and to initiate him into the luxury of study and the inspiration of the career that every boy must largely find and eventually win for himself, by himself and with himself.

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It is a source of congratulation to all parties concerned that the story of the "Most Stupendous War of Modern Times" has at last found an interpreter from the Confederate side, who has tried hard to view the contest impartially. George Carey Eggleston has, since the war, been closely identified with the politics, economics, industries and literature of the nation. He was born in Indiana, but as a young man drifted south. 1861 caught him practising law in Virginia, and the enthusiasm of the secessionists swept him into their ranks. This man with the facile pen, with a bitter experience on one side and an inheritance and an environment of much significance on the other side, has tried to tell the story in such an impartial way as to command the respect of both sides. He has even avoided, as far as possible, all offensive terms. He talks of "Confederates," not of "Secessionists"; it is not even a "Civil" War, but a "Public" war; but the conclusion to which he would lead his readers, if possible, is that it was a war that reflected great credit upon all parties concerned, and that it was the means of "giving to the republic the foremost place among the nations of the earth." In all this spirit of fairness the northern soldier, as well as the American patriot, must rejoice, but after all is said and done, the verdict of history must be that the primal cause of the war was slavery and that slavery was wrong, and that it was the grim irony of Fate that led a democratic government, particularly a party that gloried in the name of Democrat, to become the champion of the practice more than of the theory, of chattel slavery. All the talk about State Rights was then and is now secondary and unimportant. The particular "right" for which the Southern States seceded and fought so gallantly was a wrong, the so-called right of holding slaves, buying and selling men and women; and this, however ameliorated by gentle treatment and humane consideration, was a monstrous wrong, and good and brave men were thereby led to insurrection, rebellion, and four years of long campaigning, years filled with strategy and starvation. Fired by the enthusiasm that never fails to challenge the admiration of the world, they builded forts, charged bristling lines of bayonets, besieged cities manned by men equally determined, and they did it for what was emphatically wrong. They did it, hoping to perpetuate a particular institution which was doomed by the fundamental principles of civilization, an institution which was distrusted, feared, despised, by Washington, Jefferson and Lee, each of whom, in his own private capacity, saw to it that no bondsman should be left by him on earth of whom another could claim possession. Robert E. Lee was a great general, a chivalric man, a devout Christian. He had in a large measure the qualities that command respect and constitute leadership, but he fought for the wrong cause. Grant, a noble plebeian, as Lee was a noble patrician, also possessed these qualities, but by circumstances or inward leading, by inheritance or wiser choice, he stood for the right side. Both Grant and Lee have found a place in the Hall of Fame. One is there in a uniform that History must apologize for, the other with a sword that, so far as swords can be justifiable, will be vindicated by History. We think that even at this distance, with the judicial impartiality of Mr. Eggleston, there is danger of overestimating the benefits that have accrued from that horrible war. It is true that it has left traditions of valor, self-sacrifice, tenderness. Its dark battle scenes have been made less horrid by the tender touch of women, the benign ministrations of Sanitary Commissions and Red Cross organizations, but these can scarcely atone for the horrible brutalizing effect, the encouragement on illicit lines of false glory shed around inferior men, first class honors showered upon second, third and lower classes of men. The war was a horribly wrong way of doing a right thing. History will not be content with the discussion of secondary causes. It will insist on making clear to succeeding generations the primary cause, which was slavery, and whose fell inspiration was found in a democracy trying to defy the fundamental postulate of democracy, trying to evade, if not deny, the fundamental declarations in the Magna Charta of our own and of every republic, namely, "All men are created equal in their right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and that the black man is a man; and the attempt to deny him this right brought on the awful curse which visited equal penalties upon the white man and upon the black man. The war lasted but four years. The succeeding forty years has not been time enough for us to recover from the devilish demoralization. Witness the graft and the greed that make odious the names of would-be masters of finance, captains of industry, and political bosses who usurp the seats of statesmen and bespatter with mud senatorial togas.

## Another Visit to Lithia Springs

The Senior Editor of UNITY has once more broken his summer escape at Tower Hill by a visit to Lithia Springs, the home of Jasper Douthit, the campus of the only Chautauqua that we know of that was born out of a Unitarian Mission, was cradled in heresy, and has been guided through many vicissitudes by the unyielding will and the unfaltering hand of a Unitarian minister.

It is an open secret that this Chautauqua has been the "ugly duckling" in the Unitarian nest. The "fathers" have hardly known what to do with it. Certainly the distributors of funds have found themselves unequal to the management, and like so many, perhaps like all, missionary ventures of Unitarians and other heretics, it has not "paid." Two years ago, despairing of the problem, but moved by a commendable spirit of generosity, determined to be just, the Unitarian Body gave back Lithia Springs, with its splendid forest campus of over two hundred acres, to Jasper Douthit, from whom it had previously received the deed, and Douthit took it with all its obligations, and, nothing daunted, pressed forward.

Nineteen hundred and nine was a fallow year and there was nothing doing at Lithia, but in Nineteen hundred and ten the gates of Lithia were again thrown open, and an enterprising Chautauqua man from St. Louis, W. D. Higdon, assumed the responsibilities, Jasper Douthit serving only in an advisory capacity. A worthy program was arranged for, and the two weeks' session came to a successful climax and close on Sunday, August 28.

As has been his custom for many years, the Senior Editor of UNITY was present the last three days. He found the picturesque forest-clothed hills as noble as ever, the campus gleaming with a hundred tents or more, the many cottages alive with occupants. The season was reported as having been void of great sensations, but characterized with the serenity and the well sustained program that maintained the high traditions of Lithia, which from the start has been loyal to the standard of the Mother Chautauqua. It is a place of study, of sociability and religious communion, as well as of oratorical display. The forenoons were religiously set apart to Chautauqua work, class studies, training-class studies, kindergarten and gymnastic exercises under expert leaders. On Friday afternoon, the 26th, the UNITY reporter heard the Rev. T. P. Byrnes, of Erie, Pennsylvania, deliver his address on Wendell Phillips, which address is fast becoming one of the classics of the Chautauqua platform. Mr. Byrnes has brooded long and effectively upon the story of Wendell Phillips. He has exercised with discretion the principle of cancellation, cut out the unimportant in order to emphasize the important points. Wendell Phillips was a star performer in the most thrilling drama enacted on the stage of American history, and Mr. Byrnes places the great actor once more on the stage in such a fashion that those who lived not in those "times that tried men's souls" may feel his electric power. We wish this lecture might be heard in every church and by every club seeking human betterment throughout the land. It is a fine story, well told.

On Saturday afternoon the Editor of UNITY held forth on "Home Making." On Sunday morning he preached on "The Humanity I Belong to," and in the afternoon the assembly reached its crowning triumph in a lecture by Senator Gore of Oklahoma. One of the largest and most thoughtful audiences ever seen at Lithia was gathered. Every seat available in the splendid auditorium was occupied, and the surrounding hill slope served as a comfortable and picturesque amphitheater, in which hundreds reclined. Senator Gore held the vast audience for nearly two hours, as he discoursed on national problems and the Kingdom of Civic Righteousness that is to come. He is a blind man of keen vision, guiding his steps by the "light that never was on sea or land." Simple, accomplished, gentle, earnest, he has wit that is not bitter, sarcasm that is not unkind.

The mortar of the program into which these blocks of hewn stone were embedded was made up of the orchestral performances of the Lithia Band, a home organization, which discoursed beautiful music effectively, and the singing of the Carolina Jubilee Singers, a quartet that seemed to have an endless repertoire of plantation songs, "shuah 'nuff befoh de wah" revival hymns, etc., etc. It was the old fervor, abandon, pathos and exuberance, all curbed, directed and balanced by carefully trained voices and delicately attuned ears. They sang Friday night, Saturday night, Sunday afternoon before the lecture, and Sunday night at the closing "Good-bye Meeting," at which many kind things were said, and the large audience that remained to the last reinforced the words of the speakers by hearty applause, when they ventured to say that next year there will be another Chautauqua at Lithia, and the year after that, and ever more. Lithia Springs has a future that is secured, by a momentum already gained, the seed already sown. The growing public sentiment, as well as the growing need on these high lines in this growing and already progressive section of Illinois, will see to it that the work established by forty years of the self sacrifice and devotion of Mr. Douthit and his family, generously supported by many friends, so widely scattered, many of whom have passed into the unseen, shall not be permitted to die.

The atmosphere is clearing. The tension of the old struggle is being relieved. Never before were the meetings of Lithia Springs attended by more earnest and intelligent listeners, never was the enterprise more cordially endorsed and advanced by the local press and pulpit. There was perhaps less militant Unitarian*ism* in evidence, but never was the essence of the Unitarian message more frankly stated, more cordially endorsed and sympathetically received. The Reverends Henry W. Foote, Napoleon Hoagland and Thomas P. Byrnes possibly represented the technically labelled Unitarian speakers on the ground, but the interdenominational and interpartisan fellowship was never better manifested or more heartily exemplified.

With the others who cordially shook hands at the parting, where they sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," we cannot tell what the year may bring forth, but with them we believe that it will bring forth something good. We know that something is doing and will be heard from.

## Tower Hill Letter

These last two weeks have brought a change in life on Tower Hill. This change was foretold by the first golden-rod, mute bearer of the news that summer was over. The sight of this first golden-rod always brings a pang of regret. We are unwilling to part with the summer, and have always to stop and think of the new joys that will follow in its train. The change so heralded was accomplished by the welcome rains which broke the long drought and heat, and in a week transformed the brown burnt meadows into green pastures for the delight of man and beast. The quiet season has come. Nature now has but to rest and wait for the fruition of her summer's labor. A hush lies upon the landscape. It is a gray day, quiet and still, not a leaf moving,—just the sort of a day the birds love. On Tower Hill it is not necessary to go in search of birds. They come to us, and we have but to sit still and watch. As I write, I see a trim, sleek chipmunk stealing along on the ground; just over his head in the prickly ashes, there is a flirt of tail and the feline call of the cat-bird; a little red-start, tail spread like a fan, is darting after insects; two warblers, too quick in their motions to be identified, are busy hunting their particular food; a young tanager is in sight, and the "chip-churr" of the old bird is heard further off; on a small catalpa tree an oriole is devouring a walking-stick; a little flock of chickadees are dangling from the tips of the branches, uttering their cheery call; a nuthatch, with Yankee-like nasal twang in his note, creeps down the trunk of one tree, while a downy wood-pecker hitches his way up the bark of another, calling the attention of the things under the bark by his frequent hammering; high up in the tops of the oaks which are the squirrels' romping-grounds, flashes a tiny ruby-throat on musical wings, frequently alighting to rest on a dead branch; in the still air the snap of a pewee's bill, as he catches his prey on the wing, is distinctly heard, and the silence is further broken by his plaintive call as he sits on the branch waiting for his next morsel; his relative, the great-crested flycatcher, is calling some distance away, the jays are proclaiming their views, which sound mostly uncomplimentary, from the other side of the hill, and the crows are settling the affairs of the universe, crow-fashion, on the sand-bars in the river. All these are seen and heard without moving from one spot, one's own porch high in the tree-tops.

This same spirit of repose in nature has crept into the lives of the fortunate few who are left on the Hill. During the four weeks of the summer school, we climbed each day to a higher level as we listened to the life stories of the great and good souls whose heroic lives and martyr deaths won freedom for us, whose hard and bitter experiences laid the stones of an easy pathway for us to tread, whose prophetic vision cleared the horizon for us who were to come. In the Woman's Congress we reached the high altitudes of thought and feeling, and, as from a mountain peak, saw unrolled visions for the future, of brotherhood, peace, and good will to all. Now we have climbed gently down into quiet valleys to rest awhile before the call of the rushing world becomes insistent, and we go back to it to try to live what we have been feeling and thinking.

As our numbers decrease, our pleasures become quieter, but no less delightful. The dustless roads suggesting ideal conditions for a drive, a procession of five wagon-loads of folks in holiday mood got into motion promptly at seven o'clock Monday morning, the 22nd of August, and did not reach home until after nine in the evening. It was just a day's jaunt, without any particular object in view. We went through Spring Green, past Blue Hole and Badger Slough, and made our first stop at a famous ginseng farm, where we had a hard time reassembling our party, as one of us was an enthusiastic ginseng farmer, and seized upon this opportunity to infect others with the passion. We climbed steep hills with magnificent views at the top, we descended through cool, fern-lined woods into the broad, fertile, green valleys of Honey Creek, Wilson's Creek, and others, and in all the day's ride went through but one town, that of Plain, or Logtown, as it was known of old. The commissary wagon contained two huge hampers, one for dinner, which began with fried chicken and ended with "pieties," the best ever baked, and the second containing an entirely different, but quite as delectable a menu for supper. As usual, ample justice was done to both meals, which, also as usual, were served upon the hospitable lawns of farm houses along the way.

After this strenuous but happy day, we were content to spend the rest of the week quietly. The cool, bright weather tempted the pedestrians over the three hills, through the walnut grove, or along the Helena road to the marshes where the flowers grow so thickly that it is impossible to come home without armloads. The threshing at the farm also claimed an interest.

Two evenings of the week were spent in the Pavillion with the poetry of Robert Service, the poet of the Yukon,—poems great with the elemental grandeur of the land, poems grim with the stern realities of life in that rough country, poems gruesome with tragedies of the struggle with ice and snow. The frequent "violin interruptions" on these evenings were as welcome as they were beautiful, and one of the regrets of the week was the flitting of our gracious violinist.

One quiet hour before supper was spent on Westhope porch, when Mr. Jones initiated us into a glimpse "Through Welsh Doorways" as only a Welshman could do it. In this little collection of quaint, delightful stories, the author has depicted Welsh village life in a style so tender, delicate and sympathetic that it entitles the book to a place on the shelf with "A Window in Thrums," "Cranford," and Miss Gale's "Friendship Village" stories. One evening the fire was lighted on the library hearth for the first time, and we gathered about the table with our work while one of our number read some of Edgar Allan Poe's Tales. Another evening was spent before another fire-place in the delightful company of Robert Louis Stevenson.

And so the days glide by. Something of the wistfulness that is in the air, creeps into our hearts as one by one the members of the inner circle leave us and go out into an untried year to tasks new and old. But they go strengthened in body and fortified in soul by the wholesome influences of their summer sojourn, memories of which will hover about many a fireside circle in the dreary winter months and enter into many a dream.

BERTHA M. HOWE.

*Tower Hill, August* 29, 1910.

## THE PULPIT

### The Arts of Life

A Sermon Delivered by Rev. George Willis Cooke at Wakefield, Mass.

The economic demands of life are insistent. We cannot deny their claims or ignore their imperative requirements. The body must be fed, for hunger is unflinching in its exactions. It will not be put aside; and this fact becomes the fundamental one in ministering to what we call life.

Given the body and hunger, and the economic demands which result, we have not exhausted life; but only begun it. It reaches out far beyond these primitive and essential facts. While the economic requirements will not be ignored, and cannot be denied, by religion, philosophy or science, they form only a part of man's social experience. It is, in fact, the social nature of man, his life in fellowship with his kind, which leads out into a vast world of experiences beyond the economic limits. The form of society he creates is doubtless in considerable degree determined by the methods of economic activity he finds required by his situation; but his social institutions enable him to more easily master his environment, and to enlarge what he is able to derive from it by control of its resources.

At the basis of the social life, also, is the fact of sex, which is more truly than the economic demand the fundamental source of the higher life in man, whether named as society, ethics, religion or art. Sex is not only the source of the family, and of the clan and tribal life, leading thence to the nation; but it is intimately connected with the interests of social fellowship, growth in altruism, education of the young, and even the evolution of literature.

In all the breadth of its social amplifications sex irrigates the life of man, fertilizes his emotions in so far as it does not create them, incites and gives motive to his imaginations, and touches with irradiance many of his thoughts of the past and the future. No phase of his social being but gains by the magic force of its incentives, for it gives impulse to his gregarious life, brings a motive into his economic efforts, and impels him to create those institutions which shelter wife and child.

When we accord to the material needs of life their fullest economic interpretation, we are not restricted to the conclusion that they give its complete meaning or anything approaching its utmost possibilities. What they do is to determine certain factors of the relations of men to each other with reference to the immediate necessities of life; but beyond this their influence is limited. We must recognize the fact that nowhere has man been satisfied with the supply of his physical needs, however fundamental they may be to his individual and social well-being; nor has he been contented with a house to shelter him and enough to eat on his table. Other needs, beginning with those of sex, have drawn him with an irresistible longing to seek for that which is joyous, truthful, righteous and beautiful, that which will speak to his heart and to his mind of what is ideal and perfect. The savage man dances, not because it feeds him or gives him house and clothes, but because it satisfies his emotional nature, speaks to him of rhythm and harmony in so far as he can understand these; and because there is a song of social joy in his heart which he can dance out into beautiful forms with his feet. In a higher form men put their craving for the beautiful into the building of houses and temples, and the art of architecture came into existence. It satisfied not only the demand for permanent shelter, but also gave expression to a yearning of the inward life for forms the eyes can see and feast upon, and that will express to the senses what has been dreamed of and hoped for, but nowhere was found except in man's own feeling and thought. With these arts went that of music, which began with the dancing, and accompanied it as a means of securing harmony of movement, as well as of voicing emotions which could in no other way find a manifestation. Even if the instrument was a rude one, a skin stretched over a gourd or a hollowed log, it sent a thrill into the heart and spoke of what it had aspired to, and what it desired to have expressed. Music indeed had charms to soothe the savage breast; and it had the power also to refine and purify.

There came a time, too, when men saw the beauty of the human form and face, and desired to put these into objects of outward and lasting manifestation. So it was sculpture and painting came into being, and became in their turn marvels of skill in interpreting what was in the heart and mind. They spoke of true hopes and noble purposes, as manifested in the beauty of human expression; of noble actions and brave deeds, of great struggles and tragedies, as indicated by certain facial and bodily expressions. These delighted men when some genuine artist caught the very expression of life and fixed it forever in marble or on canvas.

Something more flexible than stone is needed for shaping into forms of beauty all which is in the heart and mind of man; and what better fitted to this task than words, those living echoes of the soul within? Many peoples have regarded words as living things, spiritual entities, as of the company and nature of the gods or as the messengers of the gods to men. Without form when spoken, without visible manifestation, they convey the subtlest meanings, and seem to be alive with power to convey thoughts from one person to another. Words that are alive with rhythm and rhyme are as the very thoughts of the men who use them; and what stone cannot say in sculptured forms, or canvas convey in color and living shape, poetry will utter with the utmost grace, charm and flexibility of intent. The lispings of the babe, the dream of the lover, the heroism of the brave man, the holiness of the saint, the patience of the much-tried soul, the fidelity of the loving heart,—all find utterance in the poet's words, and in a form which satisfies and inspires. What plain words cannot say, the poet's skill will give voice to, so that we sorrow and laugh with him, so that we know what the flower means as it has not itself told us, and so that all the ache and joy of the human heart throb through it and make themselves known to us in their deeper meanings. What the tribe or nation has lived in its greater social experiences, and how it has interpreted its own existence in myth and ideal, the poet shapes into great epics or tragedies. When these are repeated by the wandering minstrel or on the stage of the city-state, the people live again the great life of the past, and thrill with its communal hopes and dreams.

The savage has his music, though it is crude and inharmonious. Barbarous peoples advance it to nobler expression, and give it capacity to reflect more fully the collective aspirations of the nation. In reality, the mastership of music belongs to our modern life, for it is only during the last three hundred years that it has reached its perfection in instrumental and harmonic development. It has at last come to a greater capacity than any other art as an expression of spiritual experiences. Without words, without visible form, with subtle power and grace, music reveals the mind to itself, and lifts us on wings of hope and desire. It voices individual aspirations and communal ideals in a manner no other art can equal, and has therefore become the one universal art of modern peoples. It gives us hints of worlds beyond time and sense, of infinite things to be attained, and of what life may be when we are equal to its possibilities.

The arts of dancing, architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry and music represent the ascending scale of man's growth in the recognition of the beautiful, of advance in emotional experience and expression, and of subtle mastery of materials for the interpretation of his inward life. First of all he uses bodily motion in dancing, accompanied by song and rude instruments; then he uses wood and stone for the imitation of nature in constructing his houses and temples; then he paints with colors living forms, that speak more feelingly and with greater charm; not satisfied yet, he coins his thoughts into words which sing themselves through his soul to voice the communal experiences and ideals; and at last he finds in music that perfected utterance for his higher feelings which is to him the echo of all he has ever hoped for or dared believe might some day grow into a common human reality. Stone is crude, unyielding, and permanent; it cannot search the soul or manifest the invisible ideal to which men aspire. On the other hand, sound is subtle, living, voices every flexibility of the soul, creates in music the supremest spiritual manifestation of human power, and invites us to worlds not made with hands, invisible in the heavens.

The most important fact about art is its capacity for expressing collective feeling. It is not, at least in its earlier and simpler stages, the product of individual genius, but rather it grows out of and voices social needs. It first uses rhythmical movement of the body, the sensuous appeal of sound, the song that gives utterance to the communal emotions, and the myth which shapes into story the relations of the social group to the unseen world around. These forms are most easily controlled, are most responsive to the collective will, and find for the communal feeling the readiest and most perfect utterance. Indeed, the earliest poetry and the most primitive myths are created by the collective genius directly, and do not require individual inspiration or breathing-in of artistic power. These are especially the collective arts, and in their earlier stages they have no individual names associated wtih them. If the later time brings us the names Sappho, Homer, and Hesiod, the fact remains that these represent the collective needs and attainments, rather than the accomplishments of a distinctly personal poet whose history we can recite. The greatest poetry of the world is national rather than individual; and voices the collective emotions, experiences, and ideals.

Architecture, sculpture, and painting are more distinctly personal, though architecture is hardly less communal in its origin and nature than dancing. A considerable degree of civilization must be reached before architecture can be made available as an art; and then for a very long period it must be used almost wholly for public or communal purposes. It first finds ample expression in the city community, such as Babylon, Athens or Rome; and there it must be the product of the collective life, the satisfaction of municipal needs and emotions. In later ages the great cathedrals voiced national demands, and were constructed by guilds or brotherhoods of workmen, with no supreme artist at their head. These greatest marvels of the constructive skill of men were devised, superintended, and constructed by artisans who worked in the collective spirit.

Sculpture and painting required more of personal genius, and this was why the artists in these forms were especially regarded as controlled by the gods. Not the less, however, were the products of their mastership, in all the early ages, constructed under the guiding impulse of the corporate life of the city. To adorn the fair city of the artist's habitation, and with the collective appreciation always around him for stimulus and incentive, he accomplished his work.

The arts often seem mere embellishments of life, something added on to what is necessary, a needless cause for effort; but we no sooner utter this judgment than we realize how foolish it is, how unworthy of what is best in human nature. It is as necessary for man to put his emotions and imaginations, his hopes and dreams, his aspirations and ideals, into a shape which will make them real to his senses, as it is for him to eat and drink. If the eating and drinking satisfy individual physical needs, the arts are equally demanded by the collective consciousness, to the ends of social harmony and fellowship. We cannot find any race so barbarous that some effort is not made by it to create what is beautiful; and the little child, almost before it can find its way across the floor, is showing that it loves what is beautiful in one form or another. With sculptured form or color or rhythmical sound man tries to utter what is in him, to create what is more beautiful and satisfying than anything he finds in the phenomenal universe, and to prove his own mastership over the forces of the world in shaping them to his own sense of what is lovely and perfect.

The earliest arts have as their cause the play instinct, the demand for emotional expression, the craving for pleasure. In the highest art these influences are not wholly outgrown; but as their evolution goes on they become satisfactions to the collective sense of brotherhood and communal life; and ultimately they come to voice the demand for personal expression. In all art, therefore, is joy of work, and mastership of the resisting materials by means of which the artist accomplishes his results. It is too often and unjustly said that men do not love work; but all men have the work instinct, because they can feel the joy of the exercise of body and mind. The primitive clan never tires of the communal dance, the hunting expedition in which all the able-bodied men join, and the war in which the tribe goes forth to victory and conquest. These toils, as well as those of preparing the soil and gathering the harvest, are made joyous by means of communal song and comradeship; and the drudgery does not appear, consequently long hours and severest

labor are not troublesome or difficult. But when the commercial spirit enters, and the slave is made to toil where there is no pleasure, and for results in which he has no interest, he is reluctant and rebellious.

There can be no doubt, however, that every form of mastership under normal conditions, including fellowship and the satisfaction of the communal instinct, is joyous and pleasant. It is not work which is repulsive to primitive and rude men, but drudgery which is forced upon them under unsocial and ugly conditions.

If there are arts which control wood, stone, color or sound, and shape them to things of joy and beauty, so there are arts of life that create out of emotions and thoughts, sympathies and deeds, what surpasses every work of the artist. The artist works for the very joy of it, to create what will please and charm men, what will take from them sorrow and dull care, and enlarge their hopes; and to create something that has no other object than to satisfy the love of the beautiful. But the arts of life may create what is lovely to some higher purpose than this, that not only pleases because it is beautiful; but that satisfies because it has ethical, spiritual, and ideal meanings. The good life is not merely a right life according to ethical standards, but it is also a beautiful life in its fitness and charm.

Why is it that the work of the artist pleases and delights us? It is because his work expresses what we feel in a manner that is fitting and impressive, because its harmony of proportions satisfies a need within for what is symmetrical. In the blending and adjustment of parts, the unity of design and feeling, we find what appeals to us as in itself fitting, and therefore beautiful. Doubtless it is also because of the truth of Goethe's saying, that "The artist is the only man who lives with unconcealed aims." He it is, the true artist, whose life is sincere, just, proportioned to the needs of his fellows, and aimed at no personal advantage over other men.

When the sculptor tries to express some great thought in the creation of a beautiful or a majestic human face, to depict there joy, hope, faith, courage, strength, or some other supreme virtue, he must do it by securing proportion and harmony in the features he carves into stone. He must not make the mouth or the nose too large in proportion to the other features, he must not make the eyes small unless the whole face is diminutive, and he must not give the countenance a look of wanness and ill-health. It may be that Socrates had a pug nose; but no artist will imitate nature in giving a grand face such a feature. It is enough to say that beauty means proportion, harmony, right relations of parts, unity of design, and charm or vigor of expression. It is in this unity and wholeness of character that genuine beauty is to be found.

Again, if a painter is trying to produce a great picture, or even a mere sketch that shall be full of meaning, he must recognize the same law, and resolutely follow its demands. He must blend light and shade in due measure, he must recognize the law of perspective, and not make that which is far off in his picture appear as if it were near; and he must blend his colors with due regard to harmony and contrast. Unless he is willing to recognize these conditions he will not be successful as an artist.

When an artist deals with sounds or becomes a musician he must appreciate even more fully these conditions of proportion and harmony. Nature is full of the elements of music; but nature itself produces very little, perhaps nothing, which is really musical, because it does not combine sounds with a distinct enough purpose to secure musical effects. Noises there are enough; but few musical notes, and nothing like musical compositions, even from birds that are said to sing. What is music but rhythm, of which nature gives abundant expression? It is in the combination of rhythms, however, that music is found,—in the striking of two, three or more vibrations that blend with each other in modulated expression, thus making a note or tone. When such notes succeed each other in right proportion, qualifying each other, and giving richer power to each other by that means, we have what is called melody; and it is in melody for the first time that we have genuine music. The perfection of music as an art is reached when a number of instruments or voices blend together, each following some general law, but manifesting an emotional capacity which the others do not, but in proportion to and qualifying theirs,—and this is harmony. The essence of all music is in the rhythmical vibration of a voice or a piece of wood or a wire, or what not; and in the blending of that rhythm with other vibrations of greater or lesser rapidity, and therefore of greater or lesser musical quality. The perfection of music consists in the harmony and blending of musical notes, and in the great variety of harmonic expression which can be given to one theme by different voices or instruments.

In what does a beautiful life consist but in obedience to similar laws of proportion and harmony in conduct? An ugly face is one in which the features are not in proportion to each other; and an ugly life is one in which conduct is not consistent and harmonious. No life can be really beautiful in which there is not a blending of lights and shadows or of laughter and seriousness. The person who is always serious, especially if the seriousness grows into sourness or rigidity of temper, cannot be called beautiful or happy. On the other hand, no person who is always laughing, who shows no seriousness of thought or feeling, who is always simpering and giggling, can give indication of real beauty of character. Joy has meaning because it blends with sorrow; happiness gains quality and force when it is in proportion to grief overcome and disappointment nobly borne. There can be no real music in the soul if only one note vibrates there, if there is only joy or only grief. The richer, wider, more varied our experiences, the greater the opportunity for real harmony of living, because the greater the opportunity for the blending and harmonizing of our inward experiences into music of the soul.

We admire persons whose conduct is genuinely beautiful; and we cannot help recognizing the beauty and rejoicing in it. What is it, therefore, which makes one life beautiful and another ugly? It is not merely that the one person is moral and the other immoral, that the one obeys the conventional laws of society and the other does not. It is rather to be found in the consistency of the conduct of the one, and the want of harmony in the conduct of the other. The good man makes one part of his conduct harmonize with other parts. He does not obey one law today and another tomorrow. He may laugh or he may be serious; but

they are in proportion to each other, they are as keys that strike together and make music. Ugly conduct is that which is not consistent, that shows no just proportion between the act of today and that of yesterday, that is wise at one moment and indiscreet or vicious at another. Goodness does not consist in being penurious in one place and lavish in another. Justice is not to be had by treating one class of persons with great strictness and another with undue deference and condescension. The just man is the one who treats all alike, who renders to every one what is due him, who harmonizes his conduct towards the great with that towards the meek and the poor.

Just as harmony in music is secured by the blending of many voices or instruments, all singing or expressing the same theme, each in its own manner and degree, according to its own gift and quality, and yet so proportioned to each other that the result is the perfection of rhythm and melody, so human happiness is brought to pass when many lives are lived in harmony with each other, the one helping and strengthening the others, and all working together to the same ends of peace, good-will, goodness, justice, and love. There can be no love, as the highest of all the emotions in man, where there is only one person living to please himself only. Love is the blending of two lives or many, each qualifying and modulating the other, each aiding and encouraging the other. When many lives are so drawn together, when they think the same thoughts and live with the same purposes, when they feel together in sympathy and affection, when they laugh and sorrow together, each modulating and sustaining the others, then the music of true living is made; and such music is higher and sweeter than any other that man ever knows. In such blending and harmonizing of human lives is joy to be found, is happiness to be gained. No one by himself can ever be happy, as no vibration, however sonorous or loud, can ever become music. It is many notes wrought together into unity and harmony that give us music, and so it is that many lives lived together in love and helpfulness make happiness for all who share in the music of true living.

It is impossible that life should be happy and harmonious in any nation where economic pressure or the greed of wealth makes some concerned only for personal success, and leaves many others in poverty and distress. The real prosperity of a nation is to be found in the unity of its efforts for the common welfare, and where this is made impossible by the rush for predatory wealth or the demand for class advantage, the nation must be divided against itself, class brought into struggle with class, and growing discontent and unhappiness show themselves widely throughout the nation. Such a nation cannot permanently succeed in what makes for an enduring civilization, but, rotten at the core, will disintegrate and lose its strength and power.

No nation concerned chiefly for wealth and material prosperity, that sets class against class, that has no deep and abiding consciousness of the ideal ends of national growth and ethical sincerity, can ever show forth a great art and literature. The barrenness of our own national achievements in art and literature, it is impossible to suppose are not in a considerable degree due to our infatuation for wealth, and our lack of genuine democratic ideals. The incentives to artistic creation are lacking, which are now, as ever, to be found in the consciousness of social unity of purpose, a municipal or a national idealism, blended with the harmony of individual will striving for what the nation desires.

Nor should it be forgotten that artistic creation, or even the highest grade of workmanship, is an impossibility under conditions of manufacture and economic restriction which do not make toil inviting and happy. The machine makes world-competition and control of markets possible; but it does not invite to inventiveness, artistic workmanship, and happy labor. Men cannot but hate labor, and go to it with reluctance, as if they had no instinct for it, when it is mere drudgery, providing them with no personal interest in its results, and offering them no mastership of the artisan over the materials of his toil.

Under these conditions life cannot be harmonious and it cannot be happy. That there is a demand for a revolutionary change no one can be surprised to know who recognizes what are the real requirements of a worthy living, and a genuine ethical purpose. Happy living cannot be reconciled with ugly workmanship, made necessary by economic pressure, and the demands of competition. For the sake of human beings, that childhood may be happy, that womanhood may be beautiful, that manhood may be just and noble, new conditions must be sought for throughout the whole national life. No class has a right or can be permitted to usurp control of the resources and the manhood of the nation. The nation belongs to all the people, and it must serve all with equal fidelity and an even-handed justice. Such unity of the national life is necessary to material prosperity, to advancement in civilization and justice, and to the breeding of happy men and women, who can give it noble and beautiful results of daily toil.

We should not forget that it is not only the beautiful buildings, the temples, parks and streets, that make a great and worthy city; but it is the people who live in it, and how they live, how much of justice they do, and what share of love and comradeship they express throughout all their lives, individually and socially. It is the concord of lives, and not merely the proportions of buildings to each other and to the whole, that makes a beautiful city, and one that is worthy of the best in men. The true city or nation is that in which men live for each other, in which love is manifest, and in which justice is done. Harmony of life with life, of family with family, secures the true ends for which men live together in communities. Without a genuinely democratic life, without unity of class with class, without opportunity for every individual to reach the full expression of his capacities, no harmony of the national life can be attained. The true art of life is that of living with others, not merely in ethical goodwill; but with economic harmony, and to ends of common welfare and prosperity.

When state struggles with state, or section with section, then is the nation torn asunder by hatred and war. When class must fight class, when the workman has one interest and his employer another, when the capitalist and the wage-earner are found in different and antagonistic groups, then there can be no harmony within the nation, and no really happy living for multitudes of individuals. To recover, or to advance to, the

beauty of the true city or nation, the common good of all who live, is the only way in which we can attain to the national life by means of which the highest ends of human living may be secured.

## The Legend of the Birth of the Great Spring

By Mrs. Kate E. Tuley

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human;
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hand and helpless
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened—
Listen to this simple story.

—*Hiawatha.*

PREFACE

The Spring which is the subject of the following Legend is found in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan, in the midst of a gloomy forest, not far from Manistique.

It is a white sulphur spring of immense size, being one hundred and fifty feet in diameter and sixty feet deep. The water is of such preternatural clearness that a small object, such as a gun-cap dropped to the bottom, can be seen with perfect distinctness from the surface. As one floats over its depths in a boat the most enchanting pictures are seen on its white sanded bottom, wrought in the shaded greens, browns, and reds of living mosses and algae—in nature's richest mosaics.

The ghostly forms of uprooted trees, whose fall released the spring, are seen inclined at various angles about the bottom, entirely encrusted with white sulphur, whilst from them depend growths of algae forty or fifty feet in length, which, fastening to the bottom, form motionless columns in that fairy palace of delights.

Altogether it is a remarkable spring, whose weird beauty baffles description.

Far to the north there grew a dense and gloomy forest. Great waters stretched beyond it to the north and to the south, and made an open highway over which, with resistless fury, traveled the invisible powers of the air. These beat and battled with the great wood, maiming and destroying ruthlessly.

But the forest was watched over and tenderly guarded by the Great Spirit, "Gitche Manito," who is especially watchful of those who are in most danger from these active and powerful forces. The forest believed in his care and shot upward tall and rank in vain endeavor to get near to heaven and to the blessed Manito.

In time the forest grew to fear its relentless enemy even more than it feared and loved its great preserver. So the tall hemlocks, pines, firs, and maples stood close together for protection; so close at length as to shut out the smile of the Great Spirit. His light could not pierce the depths of their shadows unless they made way for it. They leaned their heads together and whispered continually in awe-struck tones. "Hist! He is coming! h-sh! sh! sh! sh!" The prolonged intonation ran from tree to tree, and they shivered from head to foot in the lonely place.

Decades came and went, and centuries arrived. Young hemlocks, pines and maples pushed their way up from the dark earth, and their parents whispered to them, "Stand close and reach straight upward to Gitche Manito, that he may see and guard you; but beware of thrusting arms outward, for the mighty giant from the north will seize you and rend you." The young trees obeyed, and the wood became a solid phalanx.

The birds grew to be infected with the terror and unrest, and flew far away where there was space and sunlight. Only the crow, "Kakaik," the raven of the north, flapped his wings above it, and in harsh, sarcastic tones advised them to stand closer, and prophesied evil days to come. The friendly squirrel, "Chee-chee-ti," made them flying visits and rallied and scolded them for their fears; but his taste ran to more cheerful company, and the trees were in no mood to listen to his idle chatter, so his visits became fewer and fewer.

Now far to the north of the forest lay ever in wait their ancient foe, wild "Mudja-kee-wis," king of all the winds; but so long as the Great Spirit smiled and glowed over the woods, so long he dared not attack it in force. So the little vines and mosses rioted at the feet of the great trees like playful children, unmindful of the terrors of the forest, and Mudja-kee-wis and hosts, in their light skirmishes, made no serious inroads on the embattled woods.

Away down under the roots of the trees, deep, deep in the earth, there lay imprisoned a bright spirit, child of the Gitche Manito. Her name was "Neene-moosh-ka" or the sweet-hearted one; for her heart welled over continually with the sweetest love and helpfulness.

The forest had long pressed heavily upon her breast. Centuries arrived and departed, and ever the pressure grew greater as generations of trees yielded their bodies to the earth. Sometimes the sorely burdened one lifted herself a little, and through some kindly rootlet sent up a piteous plea to the wood to give her air, and freedom, and sunlight. When such petitions reached them, the trees held whispered conferences. Here and there a tender-hearted pine espoused her cause and urged that it might be well to release the patient Neene-moosh-ka, for was she not also a child of the great Manito? Perhaps she could bring a little brightness into their gloomy lives. But the rest cried, No! No! Let her lie still and bathe our feet, for that is where the Great Spirit has placed her. We dare not open our ranks to admit her, for then would the relentless Mudja-kee-wis rush down upon us and destroy us. Forests alone are fitted to grapple with him; this is no place for her. Besides, they added complacently, she is too helpless and too beautiful to brave the hardships we endure; we must protect her from herself. Let her remain as she is; it is not fitting that we should disturb the order of nature. Then the trees drew yet nearer together to keep out intruders.

The Great Manito looked down out of heaven and saw that all was not well with his cherished wood. The mass was mighty, but the units were weak. They pushed and struggled, one with another, in selfish rivalry to reach the upper air and the greatest heights, and so grew lank, and weak, and sappy. Then he sent "Shawanda-see," the south wind, to them on an embassy. And Shawanda-see rustled from tree to tree sighing softly, "Open a little way your ranks, I pray you; the Great Spirit hath a message for you. He will send you light, and warmth, and freedom." But the trees answered stiffly, "Let us alone! We cannot change the order of things; thus we grew and thus we must continue to stand." For trees, like men,

when they become rooted in old opinions, resent the suggestion of change. So the south wind sighed and departed. Then the Great Spirit sent his rain upon them. And the rain washed their heads but scarcely reached their feet, for their closely interlaced bodies and arms barred his gentle ministrations. And their hearts grew dry as summer's dust, thinking only of Mudja-kee-wis and how they might outwit him.

Their thoughts ceased to dwell on the gracious love and kindness of Gitche Manito as they gave themselves up more and more to fears of the destroying one. Thus it is that dwelling ever on evil obscures the sense of good.

Down in the earth sweet Neene-moosh-ka bathed secretly the feet of her stubborn jailors, murmuring patiently, "Yes, yes; it must be that it is the will of Gitche Manito; but I will do my duty where he has placed me. Perhaps he will let me breathe the free air and look up into his face and reflect his image." So in darkness she continued to serve the great trees, who had the light but regarded it not.

The Great Manito, holding pleasure in his right hand and pain in his left, pondered silently on the needs of his children. Neene-moosh-ka's patient prayers rose upward like a white vapor and encircled his head. To her he now extended the right hand. His left was stretched over the forest. Then a great darkness fell upon all things. "Tewana," the thunder bird, gave the signal, one wild scream. The forest shook with fear. "Mishka," it said (look, look), "he is coming. H'sh! sh! sh!" and shudders ran from tree to tree. The great Mudja-kee-wis came rushing down with resistless fury. The darkness thickened; the roar of the destroying one and the groans and shrieks of the desperate trees filled all the air. The conflict became more desperate than any which the oldest trees could remember. Great "Waywas-simo," the red lightning, flew to the assistance of his northern brother, and "Wina-makee," the thunder, bellowed long and loud. Together they rent and tore and uprooted and frightened all creation.

After three days, the Great Manito closed his left hand and extended his right hand, and there fell a great calm. Mudja-kee-wis and his hosts fled to the distant regions of the far north. A splendid smile from the Great Spirit reassured all things. The wild goose, "Wa-wa," returned to its haunts. The wood-pigeon, "Ome-me," brooded again on her nest. And lo! there yawned a great hole in the forest where wild Mudja-kee-wis had mowed down in his wrath their best and bravest ones. There lay their shattered forms with quivering roots exposed to the air, and branches looped and splintered. And, wonder of wonders—where the tall trees had darkened the earth, there shone in matchless beauty the gracious form of the long imprisoned maiden, Neene-moosh-ka, the sweet-hearted one. Into her clear face the Great Spirit looked with long, sweet smile, and blessed her that she was so fair, and the happy maiden gave back all the tribute of her grateful heart.

Then from the overflowing love of use, which had garnered in her heart during the long night of sorrow underground, she began to send out bright streams to wander away and bless the forest, wherever bold Mudja-kee-wis and his hosts had hewed a pathway for them. And the mosses rejoiced in a more tender green, and waving grasses, reeds and rushes sprang up in riotous glee. On the margin of the brook, "Sebowisha," the young ducks came and builded their nests, and the slender snipe dipped its dainty bill into its sweet waters and looked up with thankful eye to the blessed Manito.

Still and tenderly Neene-moosh-ka flowed over the prostrate bodies of the fallen ones, and forgot that they had been her jailors. From her virgin bosom she clothed them with the beauty of her white thoughts and stainless love. As one leans over her side one can see their transfigured forms shining through her clear nature, clothed with white Samite, wonderful, beautiful! So does all imperfection grow perfect in the stainless love of an innocent, trusting heart.

Blessings attend thy way, bright spirit! Down into the redman's lake of dark waters she sends continually her bright and purifying streams. The lake grows purer from contact with her. Sickness stands afar off and ventures not into her sweet presence. In her heart are only shapes of beauty, and all are ravished who are permitted to gaze into its depths.

Such is the true legend of the birth of the Great Spring. I have but clothed the natural features of this wonderful and mysterious sheet of water, and the traditions of the Indians regarding it, in poetic form, with a touch of allegorical meaning. It is true that the red men dwelling near it remember—or their ancestors remember—when a forest waved above it. They came the morning after "the great storm" and beheld with awe this seeming marvel of the supernatural birth of the Spring. To them it is still invested with mysterious powers. Once they chased a white deer to its margin, and the frightened creature plunged in and was seen no more. Neene-moosh-ka's tender heart closed over it safe from the hunter's arrow.

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### HUMANITY IS ONE

Humanity is one: no weakest brother
Can fail or falter, sin or suffer woe,
But that the suffering reacheth every other.
And all the world with him doth fainter grow.

Humanity is one: who thinks to conquer
By crushing down a weaker in the way,
Knows not that in his own unreasoning rancour
He beateth down the steps that lead to day.

Humanity is one: there is no heaven
If one unholy lingers far apart;
It worketh in their bliss as evil leaven
That taints at last the universal heart.

Humanity is one: thou that o'ercomest,
O thou be strong for those who are but weak;
So shall a thousand triumph where thou winnest
And many find what few know how to seek.

—*Clara Gregory Orton.*

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O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give:
Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.

—*Shakespeare.*

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There's not a flower of spring
That dies in June, but vaunts itself allied
By issue and symbol, by significance
And correspondence, to that spirit world,
Outside the limits of our space and time,
Whereto we are bound.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

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# THE FIELD

*"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."*

## FOREIGN NOTES

THE BERLIN CONGRESS—At an early morning hour, says the *Berlinsche Zeitung fur Staats- und Gelehrten Sachen*, the International Congress of Free Christianity assembled in the main auditorium of the University to listen to the address by Prof. Adolf Harnack. This immense gathering offered a picture of inexhaustible charm: next to the German professor of theology sat a Reverend from Calcutta, the Berlin privy-councillor's wife, by the chic French lady; the traveled Englishwoman, the trim Japanese, the erect northlander, the cosmopolitan American —Paul Sabatier's wonderfully modeled head looms up in the throng, behind it . . . the Cologne professor Geffcken, dear old Schrader, Martin Rade and Lic. Traub, the New Zealander Tudor Jones ——every glance brings a new picture and the human flood rises momently. Every nook and corner is packed with hearers. There is a buzz of conversation in every civilized tongue, while some glance over the outline of the forthcoming address distributed in three languages. One is never weary of studying these representatives of the world's religions come to listen to German theology.

Punctually Adolf Harnack mounts the platform and delivers his address on the Double Gospel in the New Testament and its Significance for the Present Day, the clear sequence of his thoughts carrying one right into the heart of the turbulent theological discussion of the time. The words, "evangel" and "evangelical," he begins, offer a rich scale of varied meanings. The protestants call themselves Evangelicals in contradistinction to the catholics, and understand by the word "evangel" the message of God's free grace as opposed to law and priesthood. But we also find among them smaller circles laying special claim to the designation Evangelical. We perceive further, that the words "Evangelical" and "Protestant" have undergone a certain extension: liberal Evangelicals like to call themselves Protestants, while conservative Protestants have a fondness for the name Evangelical. We observe, furthermore, that the term "evangelical" is used by those who wish to indicate that they are not strict Lutherans or Calvinists, but hold to the great fundamental principles of the Reformation. With all this, it is not forgotten that evangel (gospel) means Jesus' preaching of the Kingdom of God. So there arises a contradistinction in our use of terms, for while on the one hand the definition of the gospel as the message of the free grace of God through Christ, is so understood that proclaiming the Son of God alone is the gospel, on the other hand, the gospel as gospel of Jesus is contrasted with this apostolic proclamation. The same word, then, is used for the Pauline preaching and the message of Jesus so distinctly different from that. In the latter sense, the Kingdom of God idea, but also the Sermon on the mount or the beatitudes, or merely the ethics of Jesus, are put forward as the content of the gospel. Herein we approach the Catholic use of language which, since the days of St. Francis, calls certain sayings of Jesus "evangelical counsel" and in conventional rule recognizes the highest commands of Jesus for the attainment of perfection.

This double sense of the word gospel is already plainly discernible in the New Testament. How the second gospel arose and what relation it bears to the first, is one of the most discussed problems in the study of church history. That the second gospel is, relatively to the first, quite new, and, as historic Christianity constitutes a new religion, with which Jesus himself had little or no connection and that the apostle Paul was its founder, has been frequently maintained, most recently by the late lamented theologian Wrede. Many, perhaps most, of those who hold this view, deem the second gospel new only in its relation to the first, but in and of itself much older. They think it existed long before Jesus and may be traced back to a Jewish-syncretistic group or even to the widespread heathen conceptions of a dying and reascending God. . . .

This message of the death and resurrection of the God-become-man Jesus Christ became the gospel of the great church and took its place beside Jesus' proclamation of the Kingdom, its goods and its moral requirements. In fact, if we regard church dogma only, the second gospel seems almost to have supplanted the first! but it is not in hearts alone that the first gospel abides. All through the history of church and dogma we can trace the streams of both gospels; the vital force of Christianity seems to lie in this, that neither of the two streams, which have at last a common source, goes dry.

What is the attitude of the present toward these two gospels? A superficial estimate might be that it is receptive to the one free from miracles and mythology but rejects the other all the more decidedly because it includes the conception of a God become man. As a matter of fact, the questions of primary interest today are not of miracles or their absence, but whether the human soul has an eternal value distinguishing it above all else? whether the morally good is a conventional product as the life principle of the spirit? whether there is a living God and salvation or not? Whoever answers these questions in the negative—and in wide circles they are today so answered in the name of science——must reject the gospel of Jesus concerning the Kingdom of God and all the ideas and injunctions of the sermon on the mount and put an entirely new ethics in their place.

. . . The second gospel proclaims that God made Jesus of Nazareth "Lord and Christ" for humanity, and history has put its seal upon his work as God's work, that seal is not the seal of the church is proved by this, that for nineteen hundred years and more Christ has been making men able to lift themselves above the world without despising it, who are filled with a burning love and energy toward their fellows, and who cheerfully go their way because they have found God and therefore in the midst of time are already filled with eternal life.

This double stream, as it appears in the New Testament, is as necessary at the present day as it has been at any period, said Privy-Councillor Harnack, in closing. The first gospel contains the truth, the second shows the way; both together bring life. And Christ is Christ in this, that one brother becomes a Christ to another. Ever it is the personal life in God, which is experienced and is therefore able to beget new life; not of the prophets alone is it true that one must anoint the other.

M. E. H.


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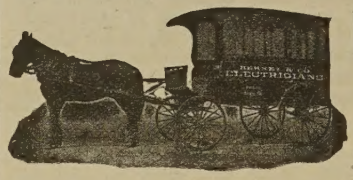

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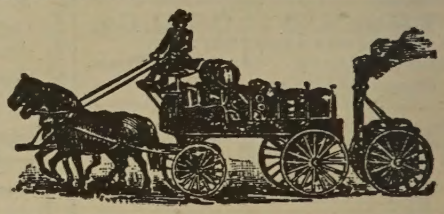

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